

Swarthmore College

Works

English Literature Faculty Works

English Literature

Winter 2014

Beauty

Nathalie Anderson

Swarthmore College, nanders1@swarthmore.edu

Follow this and additional works at: <https://works.swarthmore.edu/fac-english-lit>



Part of the [English Language and Literature Commons](#)

[Let us know how access to these works benefits you](#)

Recommended Citation

Nathalie Anderson. (2014). "Beauty". *Fox Chase Review*.

<https://works.swarthmore.edu/fac-english-lit/133>

This work is brought to you for free by Swarthmore College Libraries' Works. It has been accepted for inclusion in English Literature Faculty Works by an authorized administrator of Works. For more information, please contact myworks@swarthmore.edu.

The Fox Chase Review – Winter 2014 Edition

 foxchasereview.wordpress.com/the-fox-chase-review-winter-2014-edition

March 30, 2016

Copied from our original publication some formatting problems could not be corrected.

Fox Chase Review

Winter 2014 Edition



“Poetry must be available to the public in far greater volume than it is.” – Poet Joseph Brodsky

Copyright @ The Fox Chase Review. All rights reserved.

Welcome to the Winter 2014 edition of The Fox Chase Review, our 17th. We are pleased to present:

Poetry by: Jonal Abellanosa, Nathalie Anderson, Ashley Elizabeth-Best, Lauren Camp, Phillip Dacey, Dennis Daly, Joshua Gray, Lisa Lewis, Rodger Lowenthal, Tom Mallouck, Ellen Peckham, Russell Reece, Rebecca Schumedja, John Timpane and Frank Wilson.

Fiction by: Natalia Cherjovsky, Louise Halvardsson, Jen Michalski, Lester Mobley, Dawn Sperber, George Wyelsol and Chad Willenborg.

The Last Edition of The Fox Chase Review was published in Summer of 2015.

Nathalie Anderson, Winter 2014

Beauty

To see her as I first saw her: her hair
a dark cloud, her brow a dark echo, and
something about the eyes: a freckling? Once
I thought her pregnant when she was not: that
rootedness, flat-footedness, air moving
around her, never disarranging her
and lit like a lantern from within she
took no offense: slightly puzzled, slightly
amuse: her smile bemused and generous. If
beauty is the face that glows for us, why
crave so the aloof, the reserved, the eye
that refuses? Yet she was both: open, closed;
homely and exotic; unembroidered
yet elegant. Something about the eyes:
a scintillation? As she was dying, she –
skin stiffened to leather, hands clumsy gloves,
feet plasticky shoes – explained even that
calmly, kindly: a mathematician's
enumerations, a self-correcting
caution. Don't you think, she'd start to ask, and

you'd think yes. When beauty walks through your life,
how do you talk with it, how do you speak
through its pregnant pauses? A tree that moves
its branches slowly. Why one face draws us
and another leaves us cold: when do we
stumble into this discrimination? The last time
I saw her blends into every other:
dark stroke of hair, dark stroke of brow, dark stroke
of mouth: a chiaroscuro portrait. Something
about the eyes: a rimpling? No one
whom crow's feet so complimented. The quick shock
of her laugh. And me still in aw of her
beauty, so unselfconsciously she wore it.

Nathalie Anderson teaches at Swarthmore College, where she is a Professor in the Department of English Literature and directs the Program in Creative Writing. She is the author of three books of poetry – Following Fred Astaire, Crawlers, and Quiver –and librettist for three operas, including most recently a version of the Sherlock Holmes story, “A Scandal in Bohemia.”